## THE PORTAL CLOSED.

## The Nation's Dead Hero Interred at Riverside.

The Metropolis the Scene of the Most Impressive Pageant in the Nation's History.

National, State, Municipal, Milltary and Naval Dignitaries In the Cortege.

The Comrades of Other Days Attest By Their Presence Their Love For Their Departed Chief.

The Progress to the Tomb-The Services and Final Military Honors.

The Observance of the Day at Other Points -Eulogies Delivered by Blaine and Butler-Chinese Observances.

Nature's Benediction. NEW YORK, August 9 .- In the early morning when the sun first lighted up the sky, a thin veil of clouds, like a curtain of white lace, helped the light wind that stirred the tree tops to cool the air and offset the heat of the rays of the midsummer sun. The population of the great city had bounded from its ordinary limit at a million and a half to very much nearer two millions, and citizens and strangers, side by side, were early in the streets, seeking vantage points from which to view obsequies of the Nation's hero. In most of the streets were little broken, irregular lines of men and women moving toward Broadway or its Northern continuation. In the other streets that end in the great mouth-like ferry-slips were denser, broader processions always toward Broadway. A little later, armed and uniformed lines, symmetrical and moving like solid bodies, penetrated the city from the sides as if there had been a capitula-tion after a siege. They marched up from the battery across from the North River over the Brooklyn Bridge and in from the East River ferries. The people no longer moved in thread-like lines; they poured out of all the houses and rushed hither and thither, jostling and pushing to get to Broadway and afterward to get good standing

r- ces there. the eye, for there came through the air the blare and clash of great bands, the shrill thin music of fifes, the rat-a-plan of drums and the sound of thousands treading in unison. Only a little later came other bodies in gaver uniforms out of the avenues and on, like all the rest, to Broadway.

. Thus the city prepared itself to provide and to witness the solemn ceremonies attendant on the burial of U. S. Grant. The day is likely ever to be a notable one in the city's history. For the historian, the scene at the tomb where the victors and the vanquished in the war of the rebellion clasped hands and mingled their tears before the populace will seem most important, and for all who had any share in the day's demonstration the enormous number of persons who gathered enormous number of persons who gathered here to see the cortege and the burial will seem as remarkable, though less important. The procession by itself was beautiful, but by no means large or peculiar in any respect. There were only 35,000 men in line and all of them were seen by the few who gathered along the few blocks between that point at which the last organization fell into line and that other point at which the majority quitted the line of march. There was one unique feature of the military demwas one unique feature of the military dem-onstration. All who took part in it them-selves saw all the rest in line. A bird's-eye view revealing the method which brought this about would have been interesting.

FORMING.

When General Hancock, commanding the the federal troops, marched up from the Battery, and the last of the line had passed the marble hall in which the hero's remains have been lying in state, the immediate body-guard and escort with the funeral car passed out of the City Hall Park and joined the reg-ular troops on Broadway. There, drawn up along the east side of Broadway, with guns at "present," or the equivalent of that posi-tion with those who had no guns, were in one line, the militia, the veteran organizations and the Grand Army posts, which in their turn and at the proper points wheeled in behin! the body they had reviewed; lengthening it and going with it.

The sable-curtained vestibule of the City
Hall at daybreak presented a scene like a
tableau of a court of death. The setting
was like that of a stage closed behind, open lengthening it and going with it. In front, and set with a funeral canopy, a coffin and row upon row of rigid, almost motionless guards in many uniforms. Nothing was wanting. A vast assemblage out in the park craned forward and stood on tiptoe to see the spectacle. As the last of these throngs about the hall dispersed the night before, and the sounds from the streets grew fainter, silence fell upon all the building. Only now and then the sound of subdued footsteps was heard in the corridors as the sing of a distant door aroused echoes from the dusty nooks of the old building. The guards sat silently about the casket. It was their last night's vigil. For over two weeks the faithful Grand Army men had not left the side of the coffin either

When the cover of the casket had been securely fastened the pretry wreath of oak leaves that General Grant's grandchild, Julia, and the little daughter of Dr. Douglas had woven was the first floral offering iaid upon the dead soldier's breast. It went with the remains to their last abode, and, fast shut put from air and light will doubtle. out from air and light, will doubtles as it was seen to day or many and many a year after the childish hands that twined it have been mouldering in dust.

ASSEMBLING OF THE SOLDIERS. At half past eight o'clock two companies of regulars marched to the slow music of the David's Island Government Band into the inclosure before the City Hall. One company was Battery A, of the Fifth Artillery, the other Company E, of the Twelfth Infantry, the companies that were detailed to do duty by the hero's body soon after life quitted at Both were commanded by Captain Beck. The horses were tethered to the trees, the The horses were tethered to the trees, the musicians flung themselves upon the grass, the soldiers drew back from the asphalt under the shade of the trees and the officers chatted to and fro, or strode about the empty space like players on a stage. The sunlight gilded the scene, and it will be long remembered by all who saw it. The red plumes among the trees, the colored figures and gleaming instruments on the grass the mettlesome horses, highly on the grass the mettlesome horses, highly caparisoned, but with empty saddles, and the blue and gray lines of policemen backed against the dark mass of on lookers, were but so many parts of a picture that included rows of spectators on dizzy roof lines, groups of men and woman on the broad cor-nice of the lofty federal building, the crowded windows on all sides, even in the descrited hotel, next above the Sun building, and to all of which was added outside of the picture, the diapson of great regimental bands mov-ing up Broadway and the shrill strains of fifers in the side streets.

Presently there dashed into the center of the open space the martial figure of Major-General Winfield S. Hancock, on a big bay horse and in full regimentals, with a buff sash and a crape-bound arm. Superintendant Murray walked out from the City Hall, and the hero of Gettysburg leaned from his and the hero of Gettysburg leaned from his saddle to sad impressively that the funeral car must be on time, must start at ten o'clock. An old aid or two, who had pushed on after the General like shadows chasing him, received short commands in firm, but kindly tones, and dashed away leaving the great stage to a cavalcade of mounted men, mainly in officers' uniforms, with cocked beavers and dove-colored sashes, who moved towards the General in a crescent-shaped

" FITZHUGH LEE. One among them, a big-bearded, big-bod-ied man, with twinkling eyes and a face that resolved into one great oval smile, rode out from among the others and grasped the General's hand. It was Fitzhugh Lee, the

nephew of Robert E. Lee and grand-nephew of Light Horse Harry of 1776. He wore a dove-colored sash like the rest, but, instead of a golden belt and blazing epaulettes and a cocked hat, his dress was a business suit of brown and a slate-colored derby hat.

Tresently, General Hancock rode out of the park with long lines of aides galloping after him; everyone, whether he could see Broadway or not, knew that the head of the procession had begun the march to Riverside Park—that is to say that the regulars of the Army and Navy who had reached the park under General Hancock's leadership, would continue their march when he took his place at the head of the line. For twenty minutes after that the melody of the passing bands filled the air. This was by all odds the most picturesque and interesting part of the procession. Its like had been passing bands filled the air. This was by all odds the most picturesque and interesting part of the procession. Its like had been seen only twice of late years in this city, on the centennial anniversary of Evacuation Day and on last Wednesday.

A few minutes before 9 o'clock the 120 members of the Ligherkranz society, all dressed in black, had come up the white steps of the City Hall like a dark wave. When the topmost rank had reached the last step the entire body stopped, forming a pyramid of which a small group of players on musical instruments were the apex. They sang first Schubert's "Song of the Spirits Over the Water"—the strange, mournful notes of the refrain now swelling to majestic organ-like volume, then sinking to a low meiancholy

volume, then sinking to a low meiancholy chant. As the last notes ceased the sound chant. As the last notes ceased the sound of dirges played by the distant ban is came back like an echo. The Lie lerkranz then sang "The Pilgrim's chorus," from "Tannhauser," and went quietly away. The last relief of the Grand Army Guard with Comrade John H. Johnson at their head, came with a quick swinging step across the esplanade and up the steps. It was the last Grand Army Guard Relief, and with one exception, the thirteen who composed it were the same thirteen who first took up the watch in the sad cottage under the sombre hemlocks of Mt. McGregor. the sombre hemlocks of Mt. McGregor. It was 9:26 when Mayor Grace led a distin-It was 9:26 when mayor Grace led a distinguished party of men in civilian's dress, but wearing sashes of fluted white cambric, up the steps of the City Hall and ordered the great iron gates flung open before the soldier's coffin. These citizens, upon whom 5,000 pairs of eyes were instantly fixed, were the Rev. Dr. Newman and Bishop Harris, Methodist: Rabbi Broune, Hebrew; Father McGlynn, Roman Catholic; the Rev. Dr. Talbot W. Chambers, of the Collegiate Dutch McGlynn, Roman Catholic; the Rev. Dr. Tal-bot W. Chambers, of the Collegiate Dutch Church; the Rev. Robt. Collyer, Unitarian; the Rev. C. De W. Rudgman, Baptist, and the doctors who attended the dying (General— Drs. Douglas and Shrady, Dr. Sands, the surgical adviser, and Dr. Elliott, the micros-Instantly the undertaker lifted the coffin Instantly the undertaker lifted the coffin from its resing place under the canopy and the Grand Army men took hold of the silver bars at its sides and strode with it and with solemn tread down the steps. Other undertakers' assistants had put in place the portable black steps that fill the end of the funeral car, which just then had been driven up to the steps, and while the regulars formed on the right and left of the railing that marked the passageway to the car, prethat marked the passageway to the car, pre-senting arms as they did so, the men of Grant post carried their precious burden Grant post carried their precious burden down the stone stairs and up the wooden steps, to its place on the platform of the great black van. Their heads were bared and so were those of the clergy and doctors. Workmen at once screwed the coffin firmly in place upon the platform, and then brushed away their brown footprints from the sable drapery of the car. While they were thus busied the Grand Army men and the detail of the Loyal Legion took their places in even numbers on either side their places in even numbers on either side of the funeral car. The fortable steps were loaded on a two-horse truck, the regulars took up their positions on the right and left of the car, the doctors and the clergy, the Mayor and the bustling police officials stepped into carriages, and while the Island Band played a dirge, the car and its escort moved out of the plaze and into Broadway.

MOVING The rederal troops were far ahead when the body guard and its charge passed up the great artery of the city, the second division, consisting of militia and veteran organiza-tions, falling into line ahead of it, and the Grand Army posts and others coming along behind it. At the moment that the great Grand Army posts and others coming along behind it. At the moment that the great hearse left the park, the faint sound of the bells of old Trinity and next the louder tones of those in old St. Paul floated out upon the air. There were moments after that on the line of march when this doleful sound of tolling bells was not heard, but they were few and were due only to the absence of churches. The bells were ringing, though they could not be heard, not in New York alone, but from Maine to Mexico for, when the electric spark announced the signal.sexthe electric spark announced the signal, sextons were waiting by prearrangement hand on rope all over the land. Of the progress of the pageant to the tomb, and the services there, full details

### THE LAST MARCH.

The Pageant Which Attended the Hero to the Tomb. At 9:35 the imposing funeral car was drawn by twenty four jet black horses in black trappings. It halted on the plaza directly in trappings. It halted on the plaza directly in front of the City Hall steps. Inside the cor-ridor, Commander Johnson was waiting. "Columns in position, right and left," was his command. The Veteran Guard of Honor "Lift the remains," was the next command "Int the remains," was the next command in clear but low tones. The twelve men stooped to the silver rails with gloved hands. "March," was the word.

Out upon the portico were borne the remains, Commander Johnson immediately at the head. Down the steps with measured tread, across the open to the steps of the black and waiting our Commander Johnson. tread, across the open to the steps of the black and waiting car. Commander Johnson stepped aside. The silver mountings glistened as the burial case and its honored burden was carried up and placed upon the dais of the mounted catafalque. The veterans retired down the steps. The body was alone for all to view, but deeply guarded.

The Honor Guard, next to the hearse on either side, took the same relative positions they had maintained to the remains while being borne to the car. The steps were drawn being borne to the car. The steps were drawn away from the hearse. Commander Johnson took his place in the center, and immediately behind the funeral car. At his left and right in either rear corner of the car were Comrades Downing and Ormsby, of Wheeler l'ost, Saratoga, respectively. Next, and directly behind these, were representa-tives of the Loyal Legion abreast as follows: General John J. Milkan, General C. A. Carelton, Paymaster Geo. D. Barton, Lieutenant-Colonel Floyd Clarkson, Lieutenant-Colonel A. M. Clark and Captain E. Blunt. The clergy and physicians had paid respect to the remains by alighting from their spect to the remains by adjusting from their carriages and accompanying them from the steps to the car. They then entered carriages on either side of the plaza near Broadway as follows: Rev. Dr. Newman, Bishop Haines, Bishop Potter, Rev. Dr. Chambers, Rev. Dr. Field. Rev. Dr. Bridgeman, Rev. Dr. Wast. Rev. Exther Deshon Rev. Expert Coll. Rev. Dr. Field. Rev. Dr. Bridgeman, Rev. Dr. West, Rev. Father Deshon, Rev. Robert Collyer, Rabbi Browne and Drs. Douglas, Shrady, and Sands. Colonel Beck, in charge of the regulars, commanded his companies as indicated above to positions, Company A on the right and Company E on the left of the hearse. Colored men were at the bridles of the twenty-four horses. Sixteen men of the twenty-four horses. Sixteen men of Meade Post, Philadelphia, of which General Grant was a member, were almost in front of the team of black leaders, and the David's Island Band preceded them. A signal was given and the line of coaches with clergymen moved off the plaza onto Broadway. The band stood waiting at the head of the funeral cortege. Colonel Beck advanced to the head of the line of black horses before the coach.

THE START. "Move on," were his words of command, with uplifted sword. The leaders stepped forward, led by colored men, and in an instant the black line of horses had straightened their traces and the wheels beneath the remains were moving. The hour was 9:47. The band played a dirge, the tramp of the regulars and the the tramp of the regulars and Honor Guard beat upon the pavement. Thousands beneath trees and crowding the black sides of the squares looked on the black funeral car rolling over the curb into Broadway. The black corridors of the City Hall were silent. General Grant's last Ourney was begun.

Then at 9:52 Mayor Grace, Comptroller Lock and Alderman Sanger and Jachue emerged from the city buildings and entered a carriage that had drawn up in front. The members of the Common Council followed and entered carriages, as did also the Police Commissioners. They followed out of the plaza as fast as disposed of in carriages and when it was ten o'clock the police lines were withdrawn and the people streamed across the plaza without hindrance. The last scene

All night long carpenters with saw and hammer were busy in Broadway, and when this morning the sun climbed up out of the sea and shed its brilliant light on the dark corners and all eyes of the city, it revealed the presence of hundreds of hastily erected reviewing stands from which the great procession could be seen at priges ranging all the way from \$1 to \$10 a head. The decorators, too, had not been idle. On the front of many a great warehouse were displayed emblems of mourning which were not there the night before. The reviewing stands were located in all sorts of places.

Nearly every empty stand along the route had been gobbled up by the speculators. Some of these were rented outright, while others contained numbered seats, to be had at the small sum of \$5 each. ON BROADWAY.

AT THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL. Madison Square was long astir and troops of sight-seers were traveling up Twenty-third street as early as 7:30 o'clock, when an officer, on horseback, dashed up to the ladies' entrance of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and dismounting, took his stand at the door. The pearl grey sash denoting an aid of General Hancock was across the breast. The officer was Colonel Hodges, of General Hancock's staff. He was followed shortly by a mild looking gentleman in military uniform, who proved to be the Marshal of the Presidential and Gubernatorial party, Lieutenaut-Colonel Gillespie. Their presence attracted an enormous crowd to the draped entrance to

the hotel on Twenty-third street, and the police were soon called upon to clear the sidewalk. The crowd then surged around toward the main portal of the hotel, which shortly became impassable. Inside an increasing throng of gold-laced and uniform-ed men blocked every hall and corridor. In the main hall General Sherman, tall, erect and smoking a big cigar, was the cen-ter of an admiring throng. He stood in a group of naval officers, chatting pleasantly

group of navai officers, chatting pleasantly with old friends.

The party were in full uniform, and attracted universal attention, that flagged only for a moment when a file of attendants of the Japanese Minister entered. The big marble hall was completely choked with humanity long before eight o'clock. In the big parlors up stairs all was stir and bustle. While the President and his Cabinet ministers were at breakfast in one end of the building, and the Grant family quietly preparing for the pageant at the other end, the committee, organizations and delegations were gathering and getting ready here, there and everywhere. Badges, sashes and military orders found way for the members in the seemingly inextricable confusion of swarming humanity.

In a quiet little parlor, off the ladies' parlor, facing the square, a group of serious men, most of them gray-haired and old, but nearly all erect and of vigorous physique, were putting on broad silken sashes of white and buck. They were the neall hearts and

nearly all erect and of vigorous physique, were putting on broad silken sashes of white and biack. They were the pall-bearers, and they were a striking group. General sheridan, summoned up from his friendly confabbelow, resplendent in military toggery, stood in friendly conversation with a tall man, in whose white mustache and chin beard and soldierly bearing one recounized at a glance the gallant Confederate General Buckner, from whom General Grant wrested his first nard won laurels at Fort Donelson. General Buckner was in ordinary black citizens dress. A smaller man, similarly attired, at the other end of the room, whose gray hairs formed a striking room, whose gray hairs formed a striking contrast to the leonine mane and flerce black mustache of General Logan, with whom he was talking, was the famous General "Joe" Johnston, the bravest of the brave, who necumbed to General Grant's sword. Hamliton Fish was not among the pall-bearers He was sick and the President had appointed At the last moment it was said that Admiral Worden had been appointed a pall-bearer in place of Admiral Rowan.

At half past eight o'clock Colone! Hodges summoned the pall-bearers to their carrages. The President's carriage, drawn by the Admiral worden had been appointed a pall-bearer to their carrages. r ages. The President's carriage, drawn by six horses, was called up to the door next, but it had fully an hour to wait. The President had signified his intention of riding with Secretary Bayard. He was at that time, having finished his breakfast, quietly conversing in his parlors on the third floor with ex-Governors Cornell and Robinson, who had called In anticipation of his coming out the statement of the secretary was supported by the secretary by the out an immense crowd, which the police found it difficult to manage, gathered op-posite the hotel entrance on Twenty-third street, and yells of "Here they come!" went up every time a delegation of Grand Army veterans, a gubernatorial delegation or a committee of State delegates, who burrow-

numbers, came out. THE FAMILY. The Grant family were quietly gathered in their parlors overlooking the square, and strangers were rigidly excluded from the strangers were rigidly excluded from the hall leading to their rooms. Mrs. Grant had not arrived, and it was announced that she would not attend the funeral, but had concluded to stay at Mt. McGregor. She was reported by Dr. Newman to be still weak and ill, though not confined to her bed. The party gathered at the hotel leady to take carriages for their position in the parade when the column should have advanced so for each to result their conparade when the column should have advanced so far as to permit their carriages to fall in line from the hotel were Colonel and Mrs. Fred D. Grant, Mrs. Sartoris, Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Grant, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Grant, Mrs. Cramer, Mrs. Dent, Miss Cramer, General Creswell, Mr. Stephen L. Moriarity, Senor Romero and Mr. W. J. Arkell. The members of the party who from time to time appeared at the windows, as the head of the column began to move up past the hotel, the bands playing as they past the hotel, the bands playing as they passed, were the object of general attention on the part of the multitude gathered on the At 9:20 o'clock President Cleveland called

ed in the big hotel apparently in countless

his Cabinet together and arrangements were made for the order in which they were to leave the hotel to take their places in the procession. The hands on the clock in front of the hotel pointed to 10:05 o'clock when General Hancock and General Shaler rode under its windows at the head of the proces-

TAKING CARRIAGES.

At 10:10 precisely the Grant family came out of the ladies' entrance in the Fifth Av-enue Hotel and took their carriages. Colonel Fred Grant and his wife rode with General Grant's favorite daughter Nellie (Mrs. Sar-toris). U. S. Grant, Jr., and his wife and Senor Romero occupied the next carriage to-gether; Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Grant the third and the Cramer family the fourth carriage. As the carriages received their occupants Romero occupied the next carriage together; Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Grant the third and the Cramer family the fourth carriage. As the carriages received their occupants they rolled away toward the avenue and remained there, closely wedged in and waiting for their turn in the line. They had been waiting more than a quarter of an hour before President Cleveland came out and took grant and aids swept past. There was the was General Hancock. He was the only occupant, and stood erect. Trooping behind him, on horseback, were the members of his staff. The General rode to a point near the tomb. When he alighted he was met by Superintendent Murray, Commissioner Crimmins and others of the Park Board. Ten of Hancock's staff and aids swept past. There fore President Cleveland came out and took his seat in his carriage with Secretary Bayard. A four-hoise carriage that followed received Vice President Hendricks and his private Secretary, Hugh East. Ahead of them had gone a number of carriages, following the Grant family in the following order: Mrs. Rawlins Holman. daughter of General Grant's tomb the staff officers and add drew rein beneath a clump of spreading trees. Meantime, helmets were gilstenling and plumes were waving over the slopes to the southward. The trappings upon many horses shone in the southern slope and orderlies galloped to members of the Aztec Club, survivors of the Mexican war. Next came the President's ore President Cleveland came out and took Mexican war. Next came the President's | tered and rattled. carriage, the Vice President and the Cabinet in five carriages, the members of the Su-preme Court, United States Senators, the preme Court, United States Senators, the House Congressional Committe in a score of carriages, the Committee of the State Legislature in thirty, ex-Presidents Arthur and Hayes and members of their Cabinets, then the Foreign Ministers, and Diplomatic and Consular Officers under General Grant's ad-ministration. These filled ten carriages. Then came the representatives of the differ departments of the National Govern-t. Next came the Governors of States with their staffs, and then the representa-

MILITARY ESCORT. The military escort, aside from that part comprising National troops, was divided into six divisions: First Division New York State National Guards, Major-General Alexander Shaler. Old Guard of New York City, Major-General

Goo. W. McLean.
Governor's Foot Guard, McJor J. C. Minney.
Veteran Association, One Hundred and Sixty-fifth New York Volunteers, Colonel
Harmond D. Hull. Veteran Zouaves' Association, Captain J. F. Veteran Zouaves' Association, Captain J. F.
Stekan.

Tenth Regiment New York Volunteers, veterans, Captain A. C. Chamberlain.
Fifth Regiment New York Volunteers,
Zouaves, Captain B. F. Finley.
Second Company Washington Continental
Guard, Captain J. G. Norman.
Columbia Guards, Captain J. Cavagnaro. Italian Rifle Guards, Captain R. Souvabedo. Garibaidi Legion, Captain E. Spazary. Columbia Guards, Captain Wm. F. Kelly. Veteran Guards, colored, Colonel David E.

Veteran Guards, colored, Colonel David E.
Austin.

Second Division National Guards State of
New York, Major-General E.
L. Mollineaux.

First Regiment National Guard of Pennsylvrnia, Colonel T. E. Weidersham.

Gray Invincibles, Captain John F. Kennard,
Gate City Guards of Atlanta, Ga., Lieutenant
Wm M. Comp. under the charge of Col. Gate City Guards of Atlanta, Ga., Lieutenant Wm. M. Camp, under the charge of Colonel James B. Mix.

Second Regiment National Guard of Connecticut, Colonel W. J. Leavenworth.

First Regiment Massachusetts Infantry, Colonel A. C. Weil ngton.

Four Companies of Virginia State Troops, Lieutenant-Colonel M. S. Spottswood.

First Company Union Veteran Corps, District of Columbia, Captain H. E. Usell.

Union Veteran Corps, District of Columbia, Captain S. E. Thomason.

Capital City Guards, District of Columbia, Captain T. S. Kelly.

Company D., Minnesota Guards, Captain Bean, in charge of Captain W. H. Stratton.

Sixth Division National Guard of New Jersey, Major General J. W. Plum.

CIVIC PROCESSION.

CIVIC PROCESSION. The civic portion of the great pageant when in line, was made up as follows: United States Senators, ten carriages. Members of Congress, sixteen carriages Admiral Jouett, one carriage.

Commodore Chandler, one carriage. Foreign Ministers, ten carriages. Ex-Foreign Ministers, ten carriages.

Cabinet of General Grant, four carriages.

Retired army officers, ten carriages.

General Grant's staff, two carriages. Family and relatives, seven carriages. Clergy, four carriages. Attending physicians, two carriages. Pall-bearers, six carriages.

Pall-brarers, six carriages.

General Sheridan and staff, four carriages.
Chiefs of the Bureaus of the War Department, four carriages.
General Schofield and staff, one carriage.
Judges of the Supreme Court, six carriages.
Governor of Illinois and staff, eight carriages. Governor of Connecticut and staff, four carriages.
Governor of Maine and staff, two carriages.
Governor of Vermont and staff, four car-Governor of Pennsylvania and staff, twelve Governor of New Jersey and staff, fifteen Governor of Rhode Island and staff, four Governor of Iowa and staff, two carriages.
Governor of Dakota and staff, seven carriages.
Governor of Virginia and staff, three car-

Representatives of the Governor of Indiana. two carriages.
Legislature of New York, thirty carriages.
General Franklin, President of the Soldiers'
Home, one carriage.
Messrs. Drexel and Childs, one carriage.
Board of Indian Commissioners, two carriages. Mayor and Representatives of the City of Brooklyn, lifteen carriages. Mayor and Common Council of New York

Mayor and Common Council of New York
City, thirty-five carriages.
Mayor and Common Council of Boston, six
carriages.
Delegation from St. Louis, ten carriages.
Mayor and Common Council of Hartford,
three carriages.
Mayor and Common Council of New Haven, Mayor and Common Council of Jersey City twelve carriages.

Mayor and Common Council of Elizabeth, three carriages.

Order of the Cincinnati, five carriages.

Wheeler and Grant Post, G. A. R., four carriages.

FALLING INTO LINE. The catafalque passed Twenty-third Street at lo'clock sharp. The hum of expectation that had preceded it was settled as it passed by, and all heads were uncovered. Many heads were bowed, and an old negro woman, who had been pushed forward to the curb and stood there wedged in, essayed vainly to kneel with tears streaming down her wrinkled face. She was held fast by the crowd and could not stir. On a single telegraph pole on the corner of Froadway and Twenty-third Street were perched not less than twenty-eight spectators. As soon as than twenty-eight spectators. As soon as the catafalque had passed, the carriages con-taining Colonel Fred Grant, his wife and sister, fell in, and the mourners' coaches fell quickly in line without confusion. VETERANS.

Almost the last carriage had wheeled into line at Twenty-third street, when one fell in behind containing an officer with a broad gold band across his breast. Two crutches stood up in the carriage beside him and proclaimed his name, as the gold scarf had announced his rank. He was Major-General Daniel Sickles.

Following behind the crippled yeteran's carriage there trod a seemingly endless army with banners, without show, or gold, or glit-ter, but with the armless sleeves, the limping rait and the scarred faces that stirred men' minds, as they passed, with deep and strong emotion. These were the dead hero's com-rades, who shared his danger on the field of battle, had marched behind his victorious banners over many a road, and now walked banners over many a road, and now walked with him to his last resting-place, so many of them soon to follow. Sadly, yet proudly, they walked once more together. They were old men, most of them, but they walked bravely, and kept up with the youngest. Some carried canes, more walked without support of any kind. All had their badges welled with crape, and wore bows of crape on the left arm. Their tattered banners were valied in black and many voets carried as veiled in black and many posts carried as distinctive badges sprigs of myrtie or evergreens on their breasts.

greens on their breasts.

The procession seemed unending, stretching south as far as the eye could reach. The streets all the way to the tomb were packed with people, and as the right of the column approached the tomb, the dull reverberations of the guns from the men-of-war could be heard, and the troops broke column from the left, marching to the right or east side of the road. After forming in line, arms were presented and the catafalque slowly passed.

WAITING AT THE TOMB. WAITING AT THE TOMB.

From noon on for hours in the afternoon the vicinity of the tomb and Riverside Park was the scene of discomfort for waiting thousands. Heat had followed the cool of morning and the succeeding hours added heat and hundreds and thousands of people. The latter suffered much in their cramped positions of waiting in the blazing sunshine. One o'clock came and went, but the funeral car was a long way off and moving slowly. Beneath a fir tree at the crown of the knofl, rested a small charcoal furnace, and near it the tools and materials with which to seal the leaden lining of the cedar case in which the casket and remains of General Grant should be placed. Down the slope nearer the vault was a portable furnace such as is used by workmen for heating bolts. In a group near by were five men, mechanics who should rivet One o'clock came and went, but the funeral were five men, mechanics who should rivet fast the casket within which both coffin and cedar box shall finally be preserved. The steel case rested upon two marble blocks two and a half feet high, three feet wide and had been sunk in the floor, flush with the surface, and upon those the remains of Mrs. Grant are expected to repose. Many persons were permitted to peer into the tomb where the steel receptacle was waiting the body then being borne up town. Soon after one o'clock drums beat and the blaze of trumpets was heard from the lower end of the park. A carriage came in view. In it was General Hancock. He was the staff and aids swept past. There were among them General Fitz Hugh Lee and General Gordon, whom General Hancock once met so warmly in

APPROACHING THE BND. The regulars and the marines, with a light battery of the Fifth Artillery, were coming down the drive. They marched out upon the slope where Hancock's staff was halted, and there the infantry and marines assumed positions of "rest." In the shade and out upon the slope toward the Claremount Hotel, which was covered with black drapery, mounted men with plumed heimets; mariners with the uniform of the tars; the United States Marine Corps with bright uniforms; saddled horses with riders dismounted, but holding their bridle reins, cannon muzzles thrust from behind the lower bend of the hillock; pyramids of The regulars and the marines, with a light

cannon muzzles thrust from behind the lower bend of the hillock; pyramids of stacked guns with glistening bayonets interlocked; along the drive solid walls of people upon the carbing; lines of uneasy and bobbing umbrellas through the trees a vista in which the brown and rugged rocks of the palisades pierced the woods and jutted above the river; the Hudson, too, glistening and dowing in the sunlicate; so Loked the and flowing in the sunlight so looked the scene northward from the tomb. The Twenty second an I Seventh Regiments marched up from the east and down by the tomb and were draw up in line on the brow of the bluff overlooking the river. The line reached beyond view from the tomb around reached beyond view from the tomb around the slope. The two regiments stacked arms and were at rest. So near the ledge of the cliff were the regiment drawn up that the hundreds of men in bright uniforms formed a line of s lhouettes against the sheen of the broad river, in which the afternoon sun was reflected. Suddenly a gan boomed out over the water and a cloud of blue and white smoke puffed over the stream. The Pow-battan, lying down under the bluff, had fired the first of a salute. Hills were calling back in echoes and the guns of the other war ves-sels in the river anon snoot the bluff and started the echoes flying in the woods on the

Three and four o'clock passed. The tomb yet waited. But there came a bugle call from eastward at 4:20 o'clock. Then a strain from trumpets, and soon the sound of muffled drums. Carriages came into view and rolled slowly through the park to the tomb. Dr. Newman and Bishop Harris occupied the first, and then the clergy, and then Drs. Douglas, Shrady and Sands. The bearers came after these. General Joe Johnson rode beside General Sherman, and Buckner and Shortdan were paired while General Logar Sheridan were paired, while General Logan and ex-Secretary Boutwell followed. Dis-tinguished men came also beside these. The bearers and those invited alighted and took places near the tomb. Then David's Island band, playing Chopin's funeral march, came into view, while behind the black plumes the funeral car could be seen.

AT THE TOMB. The car stopped abreast the tomb, the Guard of Honer ascended to bear down the casket. Colonel Beck formed his two companies of escort into a hollow square between the tomb and the hearse. The family carriages had drawn near. Their occupants alighted and took positions near the foot of the steps of the car. So they stood while the casket was being removed from the car, and when it was borne into the hollow square toward the vault the relatives followed in this order: Colonel Fred and wife; Mrs. Sar-toris and the Colonel's children, Julia and U. S. Grant; U. S. Grant, Jr., and wife, leading little Nellie, the daughter of Jesse Grant; Jesse Grant and wife; U. S. Grant. second son of Orville Grant; Mr. Fred Dent and Mrs. Dent; Dr. Cramer and wife; Potter Palmer and wife; Hon. John A. Creswell and wife.

ment, four carriages.

General Schofield and staff, one carriages.
Judges of the Supreme Court, six carriages.
Governor of Illinois and staff, eight carriages.
Governor of Michigan and staff, three carriages.
Governor of Wiscons n and staff, five carriages.
Governor of Miscons n and staff, five carriages.
Governor of Massachusetts and staff, ten carriages.

Governor of Massachusetts and staff, ten carriages. PRAYER.

Post-Commander Alexander Reed: As-sembled to pay the last sad rites of respect to our late Commander and illustrious comto our late Commander and illustrious comrade, U. S. Grant, let us unite in prayer. The
Chapiain will invoke the divine blessing.

Post-Chaplain C. Irvine Wright:
God of battles; Father of all; amidst this
mournful assemblage we seek Thee with
whom there is no death. Open every eye to
behold Him who changed the night of death
into morning. In the depths of our heart
we would hear the celestial word: "I am the
resurrection and life; he that believeth in
Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."
As comrade after comrade departs, and
we march on with ranks broken, help
us to be faithful unto Thee and

to each other. We beseech Thee lookin mercy on the widows and children of our deceased comrades, and with Thine own tenderness, console and comfort those bereaved by this event, which call us here. Give them the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Heavenly Father bless and save our country with the freedom and peace of righteousness, and through Thy. great mercy, a Savior's grace, and Thy Holy Spirit's favor, may all meet at last in joy before Thy throne in heaven, and to Thy great name shall be praise forever and forever." "Amen," joined all the Post.
A dirge was played, after which the ser-

Post Commander Alexander Reid: "One by one, as the years roll on, we are called to-gether to fulfil the last sad rites of respect gether to fulfil the last sad rites of respect to our comrades of the war. The present, full of the cares and pleasure of civil life, fades away, and we look back to the time when, shoulder to shoulder on many battle-fields or around the guns of our men-of-war, we fought for our dear old flag. We may indulge the hope that the spirit with which on land and sea hardship, privation and danger were encountered by our dead heroes may never be blotted out from the blatory or memory of the generahistory or memory of the genera-tions to come—a spirit uncomplain-ing, obedient to the behest of duty whereby to-day our National honor is secure and our loved ones rest in peace un-der the protection of the dear old flag. May the illustrious life of him whom we lay in the tomb to-day prove a glorious incentive to the youth, who in ages to come may be called upon to mold the destiny of our councalled upon to mold the destiny of our country. As the years roll on, we, too, shall have fought our battles through and be laid at rest—our souls following the long column to the realms above as grim death hour by hour shall mark its victims. Let us so live that when that time shall come those we leave behind may say above our graves: 'Here lies the body of a true-hearted, brave and earnest defender of the republic,"
Senior Vice-Commander Lewis W. Moore
(laying a wreath of evergreen upon the coflin): "In behalf of the Post I give this tribute. a symbol of undying love, for comrades of the war."

Vice-Commander John A. Weidersheim Vice-Commander John A. Weidersheim (laying a bunch of flowers upon the coffin):
"As a symbol of purity we offer at this sepulcher a rose. May future generations emulate the unselfish devotion of even the lowliest of our heroes."

Post Commander A. J. Sellers (laying a laurel wreath upon the coffin): "Last token of affection from comrades in arms; we crown these remains with a symbol of victory."

LAST SERVICES. Rev. J. W. Sayers, Chaplain-in-Chief of the Department of Pennsylvania G. A. R., delivered an address, after which Rev. H. Clay Trumbull offered prayer. The bugle call "rest," was then sounded, Dr. Newman and Bishop Harris then read the ritual service for burial of the M. E. Church. Directly behind the burial party stood General Hancock. At his elbow was President Cleveland, Vice-President Hendricks and members of the Cabinet. Near the head of the casket on the right Sherman and Sheri-dan in full uniform were uncovered during the entire service. At their sides were ex-Presidents Arthur and Hayes and Sena-tor Sherman. On the other side of the casket opposite were Admiral Porter, Fitzhugh Lee, General Gordon and General Buckner. Lee, General Gordon and General Buckner. When the religious service had ended the trumpeter of Company A, Fith Artillery, stepped up to the closed casket and sounded the tattoo. Little Julia then laid on the coffin a wreath: "To Grandpapa." The Guard of Honor bore the remains within the tomb at 5:03 o'clock and placed them within the steel case, the sealing of both leaden lining and steel case then being performed as indicated above.

The family entered the tomb, remaining only a few minutes. They then sought their only a few minutes. They then sought their carriages and, when entering, the Seventh and Twenty-second Regiments in line on the

# not out of sight when persons attempted to deface the tomb by writing names upon it. A guard of regulars was mounted at once, the military marched, the dignitaries rode away and the ceremonies were ended. CLOSED FOR AYE.

bluff fired three volleys toward the river, after which Battery F, Fith Artillery, fired three salvos from the knoll toward the hotel.

The family carriages drove away, but were

Comb Sealed and a Military Guard Left in Charge. NEW YORK, August 9 .- A thousand men and women lingered around the tomb at 6:30 o'clock, when the young undertaker, Stephen W. Merritt, unlocked and swung open the great iron and oaken doors to allow Patrick Cregan, of Pittsburgh, to seal the great solid steel outer case which inclosed the coffin and its cedar box. Seven men from Troy descended into the tomb, and by the light of flickering candles held aloft by a boy drove fifty-six bolts of steel into the front wall of the steel case, making it absolutely air-tight and waterproof. Park policemen and citizens, who had got through the lines somehow, crept down toward the weirdly lighted tomb, and begged and tried to buy bits of coal from the furnace at which the bolts were heated, pleces of burnt candle, rings of rubber from the bolts and even splinters of wood in which the bolts were packed. They wanted them for relics.
Some of the bolts were round to be imperfect and were drawn out of the steel case again. Park policemen and the workmen eagerly seized them as souvenirs. The last bolt was driven at 8:43 o'clock and then the case was fastened down in place upon the packing of plumbago, inserted beneath it to prevent possible damage to the marble slabs prevent possible damage to the marble slabs by reason of the great weight of the steel case. It turns the scale at 3,850 pounds. The whole case was next painted with dark wa-ter-proof paint to remove the work of two vandals who had seratched their names on the case while it was on exhibition. Last of all young Mr. Merritt screwed upon the west-ern face of the case a solid copper plate. It bore the inscription: U. S. Grant, died July 23d. 1885."

The screws were driven with the ebonhandled, silver-plated screw-driver with which all the screws of the coffin have been fastened. It was made expressly for the purpose, and will be preserved as a memorial and never used again. Upon the handle is a silver plate inscribed "General Grant." The work was over atten o'clock exactly. Undertaker Merritt locked the great doors with dertaker Merritt locked the great doors with a huge brazen key and handed it over to Police Captain Beattie. Then the police formed in double ranks and marched away in the faint starlight, leaving the tomb under the guard of Captain Fessenden, with the sentinet pacing to and fro under the hem-locks that cluster just above the tomb. At midnight the desolate little knoll was deserted by all save the soldier watchers The cross above the tomb stood out in glis tening outline against the sky. The echo-ing tramp of the sentinel sounded faintly on the night air, and just under the bluffs over-looking the river the little guard of the Fifth Artillery had gone to sleep under its white tents. The encampment has been christened Camp Grant, in memory of the dead General. Its members fought with him at Shiloh under Captain, afterward General Terrill, The camp will remain on guard for thirty days.

Chinese Ceremonies.

NEW YORK, August 9.- The obsequies were celebrated in Chinatown in a characteristic manner. At an early hour the imperial standard was hung at half-mast and a bulletin was issued as foll ows: "General Grant, a very great war General and head man of the Americans is dead. He was a very good man. It is requested that every-body observe to-day, his funeral day, quietly and pay proper respect to his memory." The bulletin was read by laundryman and grocer alike and its contents was a laundryman and grocer alike and its contents was a laundryman and grocer alike and its contents was a laundryman and grocer alike and its contents. laundryman and grocer alike and its contents made known to the community. Stores were but half-opened and only a little business was done. In many of the club rooms Grant's portrait was hung in a place of honor on the wall and either white and violet mourning emblems, or black and white prayer cards put alongside or beneath.

At No. 5 Mott street, Wong Ah, a strict Buddhist, honored the General's memory in orthodox style. In a corner of his reception room a miniature graveyard a foot square was formed upon the floor by filling the space between the walls and two pleces of timber with fine white sand three inches deep. In the center was raised a mound six inches long and two wide. At the foot of the mound was placed a porcelain bowl of tea, and at the head a saucer of roasted duck. In the four corners funeral joss sticks were inserted in the sand. On the wall at the head of the toy cemetery was pasted a were inserted in the sand. On the wall at the head of the toy cemetery was pasted a long prayer written in blue black upon white satin paper. The joss sticks were ig-nited early in the morning and replaced as rapidly as they burned out. Wong Ah said: The joss stick is for Chinese God and make him see the tea and meat for the spirit of the dead man so that he will enter the next

world happy."

At 16 Mott street an enthusiastic young celestial attempted to honor the dead by igniting fireworks and pyrotechnics, the same as would be done in China. To the disappointment of the small boys in the neighborhood the youth was summarily suppressed by his employers after he first pack had broken the silence of the street. But

OBSERVANCES ELSEWHERE How the People in City, Town and without reaching the bottom of the Hamlet Honored the Dead.

THE FOUNDATION OF TRUE FAME. AUGUSTA, ME., August 9.-At the memorial services held in the Granite Church in this city James G. Blaine pronounced an eloquent enlogy upon Grant. The following is the opening paragraph:

Public sensibility and personal sorrow over the death of General Grant are not confined to one continent. A profound admiration for his great qualities, and still more

tion for his great qualities, and still more procound gratitude for his great services, have touched the heart of the people with true sympathy, increased even to tender emotions by the agency of his closing days and the undoubted heroism with which he morally conquered a last cruel fate. The world in its hero worship is discriminating and practical, is not indeed selfish. Eminent qualities and rare achievements do not always insure lasting fame. A brilliant orator enchains his hearers with his inspired and inspiring gifts, but if his speech be not successfully used to some popular recollection, his only reward will be the fitful applause of his forgotten audience. A victorious General in a war of mere ambition receives the cheers of the multitude and the ceremonial honors of war of mere ambition receives the cheers of the multitude and the ceremonial honors of the Government, but if he brings no boon to his country his fame will find no abiding place in the centuries that follow. The hero for the ages is he who has been chief and foremost in contributing to the moral and material progress, to the grandeur and glory of the succeeding generation. Washington secured the freedom of the colonies and founded a new nation. Lincoln was the prophet who new nation. Lincoln was the prophet who warned the people of the evils that were undermining our free Government, and the statesman who was called to leadership in the work of the extirpation. Grant was the soldier who, by victory in the field, gave vitality and force to the policies and philan-thropic measures which Lincoin defined in the Cabinet for the regeneration and se-curity of the republic.

BUTLER'S EULOGY OF THE OLD COMMANDER, Boston, Mass., August 9 .- Memorial servces were held here Saturday and the eulogy was pronounced by General B. F. Butler. He began with the quotation, "We come to bury Cæsar; not to praise him," and proceeded to say that there was no need to praise the sollier who performed with fidelity, unflinching courage and determination and every measure of success every duty imposed measure of success every duty imposed upon him with patriotism never doubted. He then proceeded to sketch the work of this country and how the leading Generals had been honored by the Presidency of the United States. He denied that Grant ever harbored a thought of the so-called "Cæsarism." He referred to the charges against his second administration as groundless and warmreferred to the charges against his second administration as groundless, and warmly vouched for his sterling integrity and honor throughout his financial troubles in Wall street, and closed with his estimate of him as a soldier, stating the plan which he formulated for putting down the rebellion. This plan, General Butler said, General Grant communicated to him. It was to continually attack the opposing forces. He expected to 'ose more than the other, but the North comid afford to do so, and he believed, in the end, this course would cost believed, in the end, this course would cos ess blood and treasure than a less relentless one. This General Buteer characterized as

military genius. St. Louis, Mo., Argust 8.—The day was observed here by a most solemn and impressive funeral pageant, participated in by the state Militia, G. A. R. Posts and numerous civic societies, escorting a beautifully constructed catafalque drawn by sixteen horses. The various municipal departments and members of the Chamber of Commerce in carriages was an imposing feature of the pageant, and the City Fire Department with apparatus appropriately draped, was out in large force. Solemn services were held in Lucas Marvices were held in Lucas Mar-ket place, where addresses were delivered by Mayor Francis, Henry C. Haart-stick, ex-Governor Fletcher, Dr. H. M. Stark-loff, Judge George W. Lubke, Judge A. M. Thayer, Hon. E. O. Stanard and Judge R. A. Bakewell. Music was furnished by an or-chesta and chorus of 300 persons.

MOLINE, ILL., August 9.—Business was suspended, and thousands gathered in the Park. Hon. James T. Lane, who twice east an electoral vote for General Grant, delivered the

RICHMOND, Mo., August 9.—Memorial services were held here under the auspices of the George N. McGee Post, G. A. R. Colonel J. R. Childs delivered an eloquent address, after which appropriate resolutions of sym-pathy and condolence were passed.

BUTLER, MO., August 8.—The be'is tolled here yesterday from 1 to 2 p. m., and all business was suspended from one to five. The Grand Army Post, with muffled drums and reversed bayonets, marched to the Court House yard, where Dr. Cowies, of Kansas City, delivered an eloqueut address. After the benediction sixty-four shots were fired by the G. A. R., indicating the age of General Grant.

MONTGOMERY CITY, Mo., August 9—The old flag was properly draped and at half-mast over Second street yesterday. The bells tolled three times, for thirty minutes each time—at sunrise, at 1:30 p. m. and at applications of the complete street of the comple each time—at sunrise, at 1:30 p. m. and at sunset. At two o'clock memorial services were conducted in the Presbyterian Church. RICH HILL, Mo., August 9 .- The Grant memorial services here consisted of a parade, in which the G. A. R., Select Knights A. O. U. W., and s-veral other civic socieies participated, after which services were held at the Opera-house.

WILLIAMSVILLE, ILL., August 9.—Memorial services were held at Athens by Pollock Post, No. 200, G. A. R. A number of members of the old Twenty-eighth Illinois were among nose present who participated in the exer-

HERMANN, Mo., August 9.—All the church and fire bells were tolled. During the afternoon cannons were fired at intervals of fif-teen minutes. In the evening memorial addresses were delivered in German and KEYTESVILLE, Mo., August 9.-The obse-

quies of General Grant were observed by our merchants and citizens g-nerally. The bells were tolled, and business houses closed from one to four o'clock. MOBERLY, Mo., August 9.—Hundreds of citizens gathered at the Opera-house. Rev. B. L. Stauber, a lover of Grant and a soldier at the age of eighteen, delivered the

address. WARRENSBURG, Mo., August 9.—The me-morial exercises here were held!in-the Court-house yard, where about 600 people gath-ered. The eulogy was delivered by R. Baid-

URBANA, ILLA, August 9.—Memorial services were held in the city at the park. Short addresses were made by all the ministers, and the church choirs combined furnished excellent music.

FAIRFIELD, ILL., August S.—Memorial services were held in the M. E. Church this afternoon under the auspices of Fairfield Post and Martin Baker Post, Jeffersonville. CHILLICOTHE, Mo., August 8.—The memorial service was one of the most impressing ever witnessed in North Missouri, and was onducted under the direction of the G. A. R. TUSCOLA, ILL, August 9.—The memorial ervices were attended here in the afternoon by a large ass mbla; e of people of all par-

MACOMB, ILL., August 9 .- Memorial services in honor of General Grant were held here. All business was suspended during the after-

CHARLESTON, It., August 9.—Memorial services were conducted here in High School Park, with not less than 3,000 people pres-ST. JOSEPH, Mo., August 9:-One of the largest processions ever seen in St. Joseph partic pated in the memorial services, both military and civic.

ROLLA, Mo., August 9.—The Henry R. Wilson Post, G. A. R., headed a large procession. Addresses were made by Judge C. C. Bland and Rev. B. F. Pool. LEBANON, ILL., August 9.—The memorial services at the Methodist Episcopal Church were of a deeply impressive character.

CARTHAGE, MO., August 8.—All classes par-ticipated in the memorial services. The ex-ercises were held in the City Park. McLeansboro, Ill., August 9.—Impressive memorial services were held here by the G. A. R. local Post. ASHLEY, ILL., August 8.—Memorial services were held at Forest Park, under the auspices

of the G. A. R. MATTOON, ILL., August 8.—Imposing Grant memorial services were hold in this city.

-The Charleston News and Courier recites the following as reasons why the people of South Carolina should be contented with their State and not seek homes elsewhere: "Several black bears have been seen in North Carolina recently. There was a shower of turtles as large as silver dollars in Raleigh a few days ago. A bolt of lightning struck a pond near Asheville and killed a number of fish the week before last. One hundred few Chinese used the mourning emblems of their American neighbors. Lanterns or prayers, with white or white and violet ribbons, seemed favorites everywhere.

In Georgia a man living near living near the corn."

Sinck out sixty acres of corn for me as slick as a whistle. All I had to do was to drive a wagon through and pick up the corn." ingham. In Georgia a man living near Athens dropped a spool of thread into a hole from which a locust had just emerged, and the entire spool unwound

> -The hardest thing in the world is to make an American child obey the laws of health when American parents set bad examples. - Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

hole."

SOME GOOD ADVICE.

Why Small Farms Are to Be Preferre to Large Ones.

As a rule, small farms are the best for many reasons. In discussing this subject, a recent writer-no less an authority than the Statistician of the Agricultural Bureau-pertinently and suggestively remarks: "Do farmers realize the full meaning of the small farm plan? It means schools, churches society, culture in all directions. Monster farms mean a desert, isolation, barbarism. Small farms encourage good tillage, make large crops, high prices of land and property for all. Instead of four million farms, in less than generation eight will be required. Available public lands are becoming scarce. When farms are no longer given away, and land-owners must divide, they will sell only at a strong advance on nominal rates. It is a good time for a poor man to secure a foothold upon a convenient bit of soil, become a land speculator in a com-mendable way, and make a home for himself and children before the competition for land shall crowd him to the wall of homelessness." There is much sense and force in this comparison of small and large farms, for the former naturally bring the intelligence, morality, and refinements of civ lization, while the latter have a tendency to produce illiteracy, roughness, and the other disadvantages of isolation. And the suggestion about poor men securing land of their own, is most timely and sensible, for the period is fast approaching when that will be a most lifficult and expensive matter. There are, however, other cogent reasons why small farms should be

preferred by the great majority of culivators. The great drawback in many ections of the country, and especially n the West and South, is that the farms are too large. The result in many instances is poor culture, bad crops, and little or no profit. For a man who lacks means to invest, and is deficient in the executive ability necessary to plan and manage, can not farm hundreds or thousands of acres successfully. This has been time and again demonstrated in every part of the country where it has been attempted. Our own notion is that small farms, well cultivated are almost invariably the most profitable; and hence, we firmly believe (what has so often been asserted). that if many a farmer would sell half-or two-thirds of the acres he now occupies, and poorly tills and manages, and devote his entire time and energies to the care and cul-tivation of the remainder, he would derive far more profit from his labor and investment, with much less vexation of spirit. The fact is, as somebody truly asserts, we have too many farmers who are "land poor"-who have so much land they cannot make a living. Paradoxical as this may appear, it applies truthfully to many a naturally fertile and productive locality. When such farmers have learned that it is not economy to own more land than they can till in the most profitable manner, so that it will pay for the money expended in keeping it free from taxes, weeds and other encumbrances, they will have solved the problem of ease in practical rural 1 fe. The happiest and thriftiest farmers we have ever known lived on farms of only ten to one hundred acres, every foot of which was made to count. On the other . hand, the farmer who has so many broad acres that he can not walk over them daily—where rods of fence corners are never cult vated or otherwise utilized-lives a life of anxiety and worry. His taxes are heavy and his crops light. He can not give reasonably thorough cultivation to so much land. Now, if the farmer who owns one hundred acres of land will sell half of it and expend the money received therefor in cultivating the other fiftygetting improved stock, implements. fertilizers, etc.—he can make each acre produce as much as two are now dong. And in many localities-notably near markets, where choice fruits and vegetables are in demand-many a. man with fifty or even thirty acres, might sell half his farm and cultivate the remainder to like advantage. In the Middle and New England States—as well as in localities elsewhere which are near or easily accessible to good markets-there are plenty of small farms of from ten tothirty acres, which are very profitable, while there are thousands of large-

ones containing hundreds of acres-each, equally fertile, yet so badly managed, that they yield their owners little or no dividends. It is the latter class of cultivators, by the way, who croakingly aver that "farming doesn't pay," of which fact they are living witnesses. Any non-progressive readers who may perchance be attempting to bore augur holes with gimlets-by attempting to cultivate large farms successfully without either the adequate practical knowledge, means, or executive ability-are advised to call a halt, and consider whether a change would not prove advantageous. Instead of working like slaves and living in a miserable manner, in order to "run a big farm," or purchase "all the land that joins them," it would be wise for hosts of farmers to sell some of their broad acres, concentrate their efforts upon limited areas. and look more to the comfort and hap-piness of their households, and the proper education of their children. Even if large farms were the most profitable-which we deny-small ones are to be preferred for many and cogent reasons, not the least of which are the comfort, peace, and general welfare of the owners and their families .- D. D. T. Moore, in American Agriculturist. He Was a Kansan.

"The West is the pest country in the United States for a farmer. All man has to do is to give nature a liftle assistance."

"But don't you have fearful storms

out there?" "Yes, sometimes, 'specially hailstorms. But that only goes to prove the truth of what I'm tellin' you. Hailstorms are a part of nature, an' they help a man if he only knows how to take advantage of 'em. Why, last fall a big hailstorm came along over my place, an' I'll be darned if it didn't shuck out sixty acres of corn for me as

"Wonderful! I should say so. And that wasn't all of it. Them big hailstones buried themselves two feet under the ground, and I marked where a lot of 'em fell. This summer we had all the ice we could use and some to sell, jus' by digging up them hail-stones."—Chicago Herald.

-Americans have \$125,000,000 invested in Mexican railways. - N. Y.

Sun.